

I sighed with relief as I finished clearing out my old bedroom at my parents' house. It was unusual for a 25-year-old woman to still live with her parents, but life had taken me on a unique journey.

In my earlier years, I was a multifaceted individual, excelling in everything from sports to crafts. However, as adulthood approached, I had to turn my talents into a means of livelihood. This dramatic shift from leisure to responsibility left me feeling lost in the real world, prompting me to retreat into a shell of my former self.

Struggling to carry the last box, I decided to take a break and inspect its contents. It was a collection of my college memories, a treasure trove of nostalgia. Among the items were my old camera, sports jerseys, and buried at the bottom, my ancient, glitchy laptop. Realizing it needed a charge, I plugged it in and continued to explore the box's contents. I had always been fond of creating memories, and I stumbled upon photos from my college years, reminding me of the vibrant person I used to be.

After neatly organizing everything back into the box, my attention turned to the laptop. Surprisingly, it still powered up despite its age. It was as though a time portal had opened, transporting me back to the past. The laptop, passed down to me, contained traces of my siblings' activities. I lost myself for hours, reliving my childhood and early adulthood through the digital archive.

While scrolling through, a notification caught my eye, asking if I still possessed a particular email account. It struck a chord, and I decided to investigate further. With a bit of password magic, I accessed the email account, discovering that it had been a rarely-used backup. As I combed through the emails, I stumbled upon a series of unsent letters, a sequel to a painful breakup from over three years ago.

A rush of emotions overcame me—curiosity, embarrassment, and wonder at my past self's choices. At the bottom of the series, I began reading each letter, hoping to understand the person I once was.

\*\*\*

*To: noahsorento@gmail.com  
Subject: The African Kings  
From: [adahjensons@gmail.com](mailto:adahjensons@gmail.com)  
25th of July, 2018*

*It's 3 PM in a small town called Ijebu-Ode, Ogun state, Nigeria. I don't have much time, so I'll keep this brief. I'm heading to something called the Ojude Oba festival today.*

*It's a one-day celebration of all things Yorubaland, a spectacle of class, fashion, and glamour like no other. The highlight of the event is the synchronized regalia worn by all attendees. My new lover, Adekunle, insisted on having matching Iro and Buba outfits to complement his*

*Agbada. The blend of colors and the festive ambiance were enchanting. Adekunle introduced me to a myriad of local dishes, from Ofada rice to Amala with Abula, and I relished every moment.*

*I wish you could see him; he's a striking individual. With a rich chocolate complexion, an inclination for a good time, and a free-spirited demeanor, he captured my heart and opened my eyes to experiences I had never known. He was, in essence, a sight to behold, with his chiseled cheekbones, sculpted abs, and a keen sense of fashion.*

*And, My God did he know how to worship a woman. He was larger than life itself, in simpler terms.*

*But let's not dwell on the past. I just wanted to check in and see if you're content with your new girlfriend. I stumbled upon TikTok videos of you kayaking, roller skating, and just being incredibly charming. The fact that you share a joint account is adorable. I wasn't stalking you as you might assume; the account merely popped up as a contact suggestion while Adekunle was showing me a curated video of the entire festival. He has a soft spot for those things.*

*As a favor, I'll attach the video link to spare you the trouble of wondering what's in it. No need to reach out to me; I'll be busy exploring the world.*

*I bet you never thought I'd move on, did you?*

\*\*\*

*To: Noahsorento@gmail.com  
Subject: The Asian Princes  
From: [adahjensons@gmail.com](mailto:adahjensons@gmail.com)  
23rd of September, 2018*

*Annyeong from the city of the Morning Calm. Unlike my previous write up, the self defining atmosphere of South Korea makes it easy for me to write extensively to you today. I'm currently writing this to you from a cafe down the block, eating octopus bread I got from the street and waiting for my coffee because Lee absolutely insisted.*

*Lee and I recently had an incredible adventure on Jeju Island, a place that radiates healing energy. I explored both its land and underwater beauty, initially feeling apprehensive but always reassured by Lee's presence. As a local, he introduced me to the city's hidden gems, street cuisine, and the neighborhoods of Itaewon and Gangnam—remember that viral song, “Gangnam style” we used to dance to? The city is a home to the singer and from there, the rest is history. And let's not forget the BTS concert; we must have been the loudest fans that night. Our trip felt like a tribute to the most beautiful love story.*

*You must be wondering about Adekunle, back in Nigeria. We had a mutual understanding. He was indeed fascinated with my ambition to travel my world, bid me farewell, and promised to keep in touch.*

*While we were in Gangnam, there was a golden statue of folded hands. It reminded me of you. How I used to hold your hand randomly , initiating the smallest of contact, just to get your attention. I really did watch out for you.*

*Anyways, that's why I decided to text. Not because I saw pictures of you and your new girlfriend taking dancing classes and certainly not snapchat videos of her doing your hair and makeup. After all, I've moved on. So should you.*

*Also, just wanted to remind you not to call me. I really have my hands and life filled with lee. So my chances of responding to you are as slim as the love you had for me.*

*I bet you never imagined I'd find happiness elsewhere, did you?*

\*\*\*

*To: Noahsorento@gmail.com  
Subject; The South American Gentlemen  
From: [adahjensons@gmail.com](mailto:adahjensons@gmail.com)  
18th November, 2018*

*Óla from the city of the Holy Cross. You know how I've always dreamt of witnessing a real life Capoeira show ever since I watched it online? Well, guess what—I'm halfway to making that dream come true! I'm writing to you from the home of one of the performers, Julio, who got us backstage tickets and front-row seats to the show. Julio says it's an exhilarating experience, with the traditional music alone being enough to send your heart racing. Oh, and he's even promised to give me a few lessons. Brazil is an absolute dream.*

*Let me introduce you to Julio. He's a bit of everything, really. Julio has shown me the beautiful beaches, lush rainforests, and even the grandest of libraries. He's determined to embrace Brazilian traditions to the fullest, despite not being born here. He even plays football with the 'janga' style and takes immense pride in it.*

*I know you must be curious about Lee, but the less said about him, the better.*

*Julio is a true gentleman. He brings laughter to his mother and pride to his father. He's the kind of man who makes you feel incredibly good about yourself, like you hung the moon in the sky. He serves me breakfast in bed and kisses me goodnight.*

*Infact, the funniest thing happened right now. As I was outdoors, watching a football match between Julio's team and a much bigger one, I watched how he handled the ball skillfully, how he dedicated all his goals to me and how he picked me up and kissed me passionately in front*

*of everyone. I opened my eyes during the kiss to look at the man that had brought me so much joy in such little time, and your face appeared. I pushed him away in shock and lost my footing, which injured my shoulder.*

*That's why I'm writing to you now, to tell you that love can be painful. How I carried the weight of our relationship on said shoulders, and how it must have weakened me.*

*How's that for a girl you always thought was the weak one?*

*But just so you know, I feel like I've been away long enough, might pause my travels to come back home for a bit. I'm guessing you miss what we had already and you want to reconsider our relationship. If you check my Insta stories carefully, you know where I'll be next. I might be willing to give 'Us' another shot.*

*In the meantime, Julio has me bedridden, and the aroma of his surprise meal is doing nothing to ease my restlessness. I need him to help me find some peace.*

*I wonder if you ever missed what we had?*

\*\*\*

*To: [Noahsorento@gmail.com](mailto:Noahsorento@gmail.com)  
Subject; The American Dreamers  
From: [adahjensons@gmail.com](mailto:adahjensons@gmail.com)  
December 23, 2018*

*Hey, from your favorite park down the street where we first met. I had the urge to post pictures with my location in case you missed the hints from my stories, but I couldn't. I noticed you recently posted a video of your new girlfriend saying 'yes' to you. She looked beautiful, and you seemed genuinely happy.*

*It was never real between us, you know. Adekunle, Lee, Julio, and maybe Tommy from England who you never got to meet because I never went there. Amidst these fleeting moments I shared with them, my heart perpetually circled back to you. You never strayed from my thoughts for a single heartbeat, and during those rare moments when you did, I silently waited for your return.*

*I thought if you saw the pictures and the videos, you'd realize how much fun I was having and you'd want me back. But I should have realized. I should have known that everything you do with her, I begged, cried, and wished for. She didn't have to plead for your attention; you were intentional with her. She was the one for you, and I meant nothing, despite giving it my all. I just wonder.*

*I wish you hadn't left me.*

\*\*\*

"Wow," I breathed. The intensity of those past emotions overwhelmed me as I revisited these letters. Looking back now, I couldn't recall the specifics of that particular relationship. Sure, I had spent months lost in a whirlwind of emotions, stalking social media profiles, and even contemplating actions that seemed senseless in hindsight. But now, it all seemed like an insult to sad stories around the world because no offence, what was I thinking? I started to laugh at my stupidity. I laughed so much that I couldn't tell when the tears started and when it ended.

In this moment, clarity washed over me. I realized that my solo travels had been some of the most fulfilling experiences of my life. Exploring diverse cultures, meeting new people, and learning about the world had been a tremendous adventure. It was time to reclaim my youthful exuberance and forge ahead.

With newfound determination, I decided to create a travel blog, and I crafted a welcoming post to anyone visiting my digital space. My excitement for this new chapter was palpable. I delved into researching the world of travel blogging and felt a surge of enthusiasm I hadn't felt in years. It was as if I had been given a second chance to live life on my terms.

As I reflected on those letters, I couldn't help but feel gratitude toward the men who had played a role in shaping my journey. While I may not have received the love I had hoped for, they had unwittingly shown me how to love myself and the boundless possibilities that awaited.

With a fresh perspective and a heart full of determination, I was ready to embark on a new adventure—one that would take me to places both literal and figurative, where I could truly flourish.

As I sat there, inspired and determined to embark on this exciting new journey of travel blogging, I couldn't help but smile at the prospect of what lay ahead. It was as though a weight had been lifted, and I could finally breathe freely again.

With the travel blog idea taking shape, I began to brainstorm topics, potential destinations, and the kind of content I wanted to share with my future readers. The world was vast, and there were countless stories waiting to be told, experiences to be had, and cultures to explore.

I set to work creating a list of places I had always dreamed of visiting. From the bustling streets of Tokyo to the serene landscapes of Iceland, I was ready to embrace the diversity our continents had to offer. Each destination represented an opportunity to learn, grow, and create memories that would last a lifetime.

But it wasn't just about the places; it was also about the people I would meet along the way. Travel had a unique way of connecting individuals from different corners of the globe. I was excited to hear their stories, share their experiences, and learn from their perspectives.

As I drafted my first blog post, I couldn't help but reflect on the past. Those unsent letters had been a poignant reminder of how far I had come and how much I had grown since then. I had

moved beyond the pain of past relationships and had discovered a newfound passion—one that would allow me to share my love for travel and adventure with the world.

With the click of a button, I published my inaugural blog post, welcoming readers to join me on this incredible journey. The sense of liberation and optimism I felt in that moment was unparalleled. It was a reminder that life was meant to be lived to the fullest, and I was determined to seize every opportunity that came my way.

As I closed the laptop, I knew that my path would be filled with challenges and uncertainties, but I was ready to face them head-on. After all, life was an adventure, and I was finally ready to embrace it with open arms, one blogpost at a time.